

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Why Women Lie-- When They Do

The Complaint of a Masculine Critic Answered.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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A seemingly intelligent man asks me the following question:

Is there a woman in America that will not willfully lie and deceive? A business man in Cleveland, O., made the remark to me one day that he had been in business twenty-eight years, and in that time he had never met a woman who would not lie for money or social effect, and I say, is it possible? Respectfully,



HOMER F.  
When we come down to the real basis of things, it is pretty hard to find a man or woman who is not guilty of some small prevarication each day.

Almost every business man is obliged to be courteous and polite to callers who bore him unutterably and take up his precious time. When they say, "I fear I am trespassing on your patience," the poor slave of business is obliged to say, "Not at all," while in his heart he is wishing himself upon a desert island a thousand leagues from bore.

Again, he finds himself obliged from social consideration to accept a dinner invitation, either at the home of an acquaintance or at the club, yet he does not enjoy the occasion, but is forced to say that he has had a charming time on taking leave of his host.

In large financial transactions, the man who is absolutely truthful today would bring a salary in any museum. The little lie in such situations is called "business acumen" and "shrewdness," and "connivance" and "quick wit--any name, indeed," save its own ugly one.

In the hours devoted to gallantry and love-making, man prides himself upon his ability to tell sweet lies which women believe. As for woman's untruthfulness, it is a wonder she knows how to speak the truth at all, since man has so encompassed her with false conditions, and made such unreasonable demands of her, that she has never dared to be absolutely honest and frank with him, or even with herself.

I often wonder just when he began to impress upon her mind that she was a being so utterly unlike himself in her natural passions, her aims, her rights, her obligations. Surely in the early, primitive races woman was not forced to such deception as the civilized world has made necessary.

Man now makes it obligatory upon woman to declare herself as emotionless as a disembodied spirit, else he distrusts her purity. I once knew a wife who was unwise enough to tell her husband that some years before she met him a man had put his arm about her waist during a promenade. She had rebuked him and never saw the man afterward; yet the husband became morbid and jealous and unkind after this incident was related to him, and insulted his wife with suspicions of her respectability, declaring that she must have caused him to act as he did by her indiscretions.

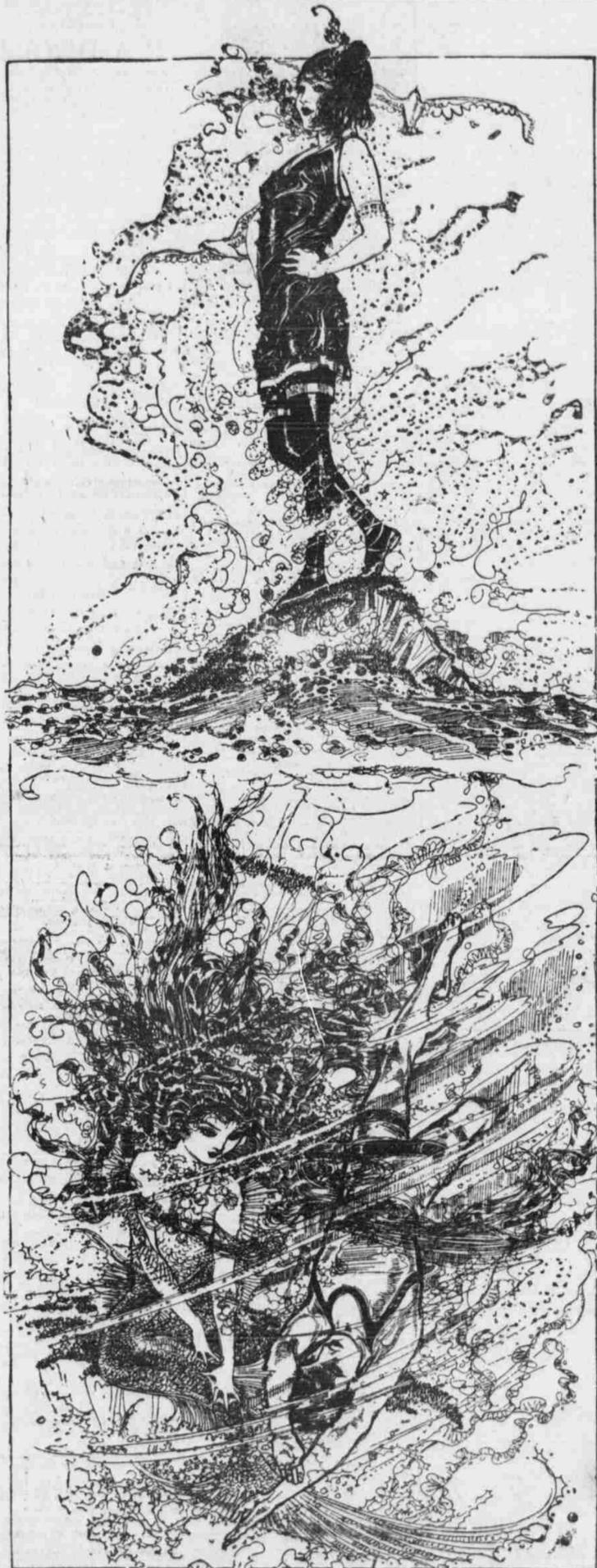
So long as men demand much more of women than they give women must be forced to lie and deceive. Only when he is willing to overlook her errors and follies as he expects her to be in considering his will she become truthful.

Almost everything that woman is man made her. She is often extravagant because he continually pays attention to the fashionably attired women, even while he scoffs at fashion. She frequently neglects the domestic virtues for more showy accomplishments because man passes the domestic woman by with polite indifference.

It would be well for man to ask himself what he has done toward making higher standards for woman before he criticizes her too severely.

## "Ignorance Is Bliss"

By NELL BRINKLEY.  
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-- When There's a Rival in the Field.

## Science for Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN

Question--"Please explain the phenomena of 'red balloons.' One suddenly appeared in the north as seen from here, on the evening of November 25, 1914, and lasted perhaps as long as lightning, but seemed to last longer. It was of beautiful colors and so bright that the moon was pale in comparison."--Robert B. Kennedy, No. 26 Second street, San Francisco.

Answer--The object was doubtless a piece of shining matter in the rear; it was coming "head-on" or directly toward the observer. Meteors upon striking the atmosphere of the earth with minimum speed, possibly eight miles per second, or maximum possibly, forty-four and one-half miles per second, almost instantly become intensely hot on their surfaces from friction against air. Many particles of white or red-hot matter, metals or stone, are rubbed off and are left in the rear as streamers of bright light, of varying length, due to the materials of meteors and their velocities. Globular lightning has often been mentioned as having been seen, but in this case the

moon was shining, no rain, no electrical storm, so that the red thing must have been a direct, on-coming meteor; one that started originally to go around the sun, but became switched off its parabolic and hit our earth.

Question--"By what method is water decomposed or separated into its constituent gases?"--R. Lee, Las Vegas, Nev., January 25, 1914.

Answer--By passing a continuous current of electricity through it. An ordinary zinc and copper voltaic battery gives sufficient amperage and also voltage to separate the oxygen and hydrogen. Oxygen goes to the pole connected with the copper plate and hydrogen to the zinc pole or plate. The volume of hydrogen is double that of the oxygen, and both are chemically pure. Steam, if passed over red-hot iron, surrenders its oxygen to the atoms of the metal, while hydrogen is given off, pure and free.

## Why We Quarreled

Money is the Burden of This Wife's Tale

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

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The matter over which my husband and I quarrel oftenest is money.

I have always supposed that this was the matter over which most couples quarrel.

I have no money of my own, yet if I had, it might not make any difference, have a friend who has her own income, and she and her husband squabble about it. He does not like her to spend without consulting him, and he considers her extravagant. It is not that I would touch a dollar of her money, or he wouldn't. Nor is there any need of his doing so, as he is a very rich man. But he wants to be consulted about all her expenditures.

In my own case, I have no need to talk about how to spend my money--for that is a negligible quantity. George hates to hear me say this, but it is true. I am a spendthrift. He is a generous husband, and is willing to open accounts at the various shops where I want to buy things, and when the bills come in he pays them by check.

Doesn't that sound nice? Well, in reality, it is dreadful. When the first of the month comes and I see a sheet of bills laid with my husband's mail, I shudder. I watch him anxiously as his eyes run down the column of items and figures--for I am the one who has ordered all the articles named.

To be sure, some of them were for the house--table linen, curtains and so forth. Once in a while it has been necessary to replenish my stock of fine napkins, or get a company tablecloth. There are also occasions upon which I have had to make some gift--wedding present, or something of that kind--which has gone from both of us. I always explain all these matters. It is bad enough when George asks me if all those things were really necessary. Yet as he is represented in some of them, and uses some of the others himself in his home, I can often reply calmly to this question. But when the items are clothes for myself, it is a different matter.

Last winter I had a new wrap made at home. I wanted to buy it ready-made, but evening wraps are very expensive. I consulted my husband about the matter and he agreed that going out as often as I do to little dinners and other evening affairs, I ought to have a nice cloak to wear over my light gowns.

"If you can have it made at home, get the materials from one of the shops where we have a charge account," he suggested.

I did this. I longed for some nice fur to trim the wrap with, but I stifled this longing. Instead, I got just enough swansdown to go around the neck and sleeves. For lining, I got seven yards of brocade, at a "special price." It would not look well to have a satin coat lined with cheap material.

Yet when the bill came home and John glanced over it, I saw him draw his brows together.

"Can this be right, dear?" he asked. "Seven yards of silk at \$2.50 per yard? I thought your coat was to be of satin, too."

"The other is brocade for lining, dear," I faltered. "Really that wasn't much to pay for it."

"Lining?" he exclaimed. "Good gracious! If you spend that much for lining, you'd better wear your coat inside out."

"You told me to get a handsome wrap," I reminded him. "And I thought you meant me to do so."

"Certainly I meant it," he returned. "But I did not suppose you were going to have it lined with cloth-of-gold."

"I am saving a good deal on it by having it made at home," I ventured. "The garment from which it's copied cost \$15 just as it is in the shop."

"A millionaire's wife can afford to wear that kind of thing," he said brusquely. "My wife cannot afford it."

Yet, later, when he admired my pretty coat and I reminded him of what he said,



he was hurt to think that I "cherished a grudge" against him.

"You know I am always glad to have you buy nice clothes," he insisted. "I was not displeased at your getting that wrap--only surprised to find that the materials cost so much. We men are ignorant of women's expenses, you see."

Yet he is not willing to let me have money with which to meet my own expenses.

Even in my charities it is the same way. I am one of the managers of a girls' home. I like to give to this organization, yet to do this I would have to ask my husband for the money for my gift. He thinks me foolish to be so much interested in working girls. So when I want to make a present to the home, I buy table linen or bed linen, have it sent home and charged. Then I take these few articles over to the home as my contribution.

I suppose this would seem dishonorable--wouldn't it--to most people. But as my husband tells me that I earn my living and my luxuries, too, may I not indulge myself in this luxury? I am housekeeper, wife and mother--thus I do earn all that I spend. He could not hire a woman to do what I do for what it costs to keep me.

Last month I tried to be brave and ask him for money for a gift. I wanted to send a poor cousin a bit of jewelry on her birthday. I asked George timidly for \$10.

"What for?" he demanded.

I told him, although I know he dislikes this cousin.

"Have it charged and send the bill to me," he ordered. "It's all the same." It isn't all the same, but I can never make him understand this. So I did not buy the bit of jewelry.

## Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

Take a Firm Stand.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl and have a good home. After going out with a young man steadily for a year with the idea that we could be married soon, he tells me it will be a year and a half before he can be married. My parents object to my waiting so long, and I am too young to lie myself down, and especially when he has no definite future. I have many friends, but would like to do the right thing by this one. Is he justified in his view point? APPRECIATIVE.

I think you had better respect your parents' wishes since you are so uncertain of your own future, and so inclined to be influenced by the advice of your friends. If the young man sees that you are determined he will probably be willing to agree to accede to your parents' wishes.

His Advice is Good.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 15 madly in love with a young man the same age. He has been courting me these last three years. The other night I asked him what his intentions were, since he earns very little and has no future. To my astonishment he told me "to try and forget" him and to look for another, because he could never support me. I felt that I could not part with him as the shock will kill me. DISTRESSED.

Such talk, after three years' courtship is brutal, I admit, but there is some sense in it. He can't afford to marry. A long engagement is unfair to you, so do as he says; forget him. He will be more interested in you if you make the effort.

Stair Etiquette.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Should a man precede a lady going up or downstairs, or should a lady precede a man? NELL.

In going upstairs the man goes first, and the lady precedes in going down.

## Do You Know That

Roman soldiers used to drink vinegar when on long marches.

In some parts of Norway corn is used as a substitute for money.

Germany takes a census every five years; England every ten years.

Christie's most sensational sale realized \$97,000 in seventeen days.

In Spain farm laborers earn about \$1.50 a week. The women who work in vineyards do not get more than 10 cents a day.

Investigation made by statisticians tend to show that out of every million of the world's population about sixty-four are blind.

It is estimated that in the civilized countries of the world 60 per cent of persons over 10 years of age have to work for a living.

## Don't Use Soap On Your Hair

When you wash your hair, don't use soap. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.

The best thing to use is just plain mulsified coconut oil, for it is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap, and beats soaps or anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy, and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and lint--Advertisement.



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